

# The Lovers Prophesie:

When all these Things shall come to pass  
You in this Paper read

| If I can find a pretty Lass  
| I'll marry her indeed.

'To the Tune of the Doubting Virgin, Or, Buggering Oats prepare thy Neck.



W<sup>l</sup>ould you know when I will marry  
To a pretty comely Lass  
I no longer mean to tarry  
Then till these things do come to pass  
When Phæbus doth dry up the Ocean  
And give o're his glittering Light.  
When Rich men they shall scorn a potion  
Then my Love and I'll Unite

When Lead shall turned be to Silver  
And be dearer far than Gold  
When a Nut-shell shall be worth a Gilder  
'Twill be wondrous to behold  
When Coblers they, the Land shall stroway  
And Luna shall no more Shine bright  
When Pudding-Pies, drop from the Skyes  
Then my love, &c.

when Millers shall no more be Thievish  
And no longer look soy tole  
when Sick People are not pevish  
And a Mountains lesser than a Mole  
when Soldiers they, refuse their pay  
And a Pigmy with a Gantz sight  
when Dumb men speak Hebrew and Greek  
Then my Love &c.

when Deaf men shall hear the Thunder  
And Blind-men the lightning see  
when whores at themselves shall wonder  
And admire their Chastity:  
when wicked Cheats, ne'r walk the Streets  
Nor in their Rogueries delight  
when raging Storms, shall do no harmes  
Then my love, &c,



When Taylors shall no more be Cheaters  
But in all things justly do  
when armless men shall be Drum-beaters  
It will be strange to all mens view  
when Men shall start no good regard  
But shall in fasting take delight,  
when Rich men they thow Gold away,  
Then my Love, &c.

when Barbers trim without their Razors  
And men and women naked go  
when Glass no more is us'd by Glaziers  
And when the wind no more shall blow  
when warriers shall desire to fall  
By those against whom they do fight  
And quarells shall be ended all  
Then my love, &c.

when womens Tongues shall all be silent  
As that I fear will never be  
And when they speak shall paus'd a while on't  
And they no more shall angry be  
when Cuckolds altogether muster,  
Twill surely be a pleasant sight  
And all the whores standin a cluster  
Then my Love, &c.

when Thieves no more shall fear a Pyson,  
Nor Barkers fear the Pillory  
when Changelings they speak Sense and Reason  
And common Trumpets honest be  
when People wish, they like a Fish  
May live in water day and night,  
And drunken Wots forswear their Pots  
Then my love, &c.

when you f. i. thanks can have good Liquor  
And Sack sold for a penny a quart  
To make your Brains more ripe and quicker  
I think you will be joyful for't,  
when Youngmen choose for to abuse  
The Maids in whom they take Delight  
when Maidens they, say always nay,  
Then my Love and I'll unite.

Now I here have told you p. asly  
when I married mean to be  
My time I hope is not spent vainly,  
Therefore pray noweardon me  
for I protest, I do not jest  
when all these things do come to light  
I will not stay nor make delay,  
For then my Love and I'll unite.

Printed for P. Brooksby at the Golden Ball in Pye-Corner.

